TOWER

Annabel Hopkins

The Tower

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DELILAH

My heart
Is a great deep pool
Fringed about with rushes—
Forbiddingly black in the depths
But on the surface
Calmly blue.

—*By Mamie Meroney.*

WHEN SHALL WE ASK

In the manner of living we feel this hour—
Its strangeness touches us and that is all.

The water laps and lulls in infinite seas
Whose ebb and flow in ceaseless motion moves.

But what of the power compelling the tides?
The old ironic question comes to stare
Over the sea, hour by hour, waiting—

Cold on our faces we feel the drip of rain,
The twitter of huddled birds; their beating wings—
(Our hearts) hidden and bewildered. Our faint nerves
Only sense the shudders in our mechanical living.

When shall we ask, oh sea, and when demand the answer?

—*Marjorie Walton,* 37.

THE MINSTREL LAD

We passed down the busy street between a panorama of brightly lighted windows—here one filled with radios and lamps, then two narrow ones crowded with men's hose, followed by a startling flower bed of hats. Colored lights flickered and glared and were mirrored in plate glass and new cars. Sight was the only sense of which one was conscious. The thousand noises of the city seemed to be felt rather than heard they made an almost concrete background—the screen on which the pictures were thrown. The next shop front had huge windows framed in black and silver, whose flawless transparency displayed filmy things in pink and white, a few select creations in deep blue and rose, and a sprinkling of perky hats. These windows went back from the walk on either side leaving a paved square between them.

Suddenly one sound separated itself from the rest—a tiny sound, but so different from all the others that we caught it. As we looked around for it, there strolled into the bright light of the square a small boy strumming a guitar almost as big as himself. He sat down cross-legged on the dirty tile pavement, yawned wearily, and began to play and sing. There was something in his baby face and voice, so out of place there, that held one's attention, and we drove up to the curb just beyond the square so we could look back at him. Perhaps he was older than he looked in the faded overalls that he was too thin for, but he could not have been more than six or seven. His song ended and the young minstrel lad looked about him. No king in royal purple sat before him; no highborn ladies smiled down upon him; no knights in shining armour did his songs inspire to dreams of new conquests and deeds of valor, for his songs were not of battles and dragoons and great heroes; they were of old log cabins and pine trees and broken hearts and prisons. What could this apple-cheeked lad know of prisons—yet?

The lords of his court were very few just now. A thin melancholy man strolled from one of the squares to the other; two negroes lounged at one corner; a boy or two stood in the half-light along the curb. A few others paused as the boy began another song and soon a small crowd collected. When he had finished his song he hesitated a moment and then rose and passed around a tattered cap. A few moved quickly and shame-facedly on, but not many could resist the expectant eyes turned up to them.

He played on, looking hopefully at every passing shopper and window shopper. A motly crowd they were—a tall young man with yellow hair that curled up wrong side out so that each one stood apart—an individual—striding rapidly past. A young couple—he with the arm she clasped crossed in front of him as though it were in a sling and using no gesture that he had

not practiced in front of the mirror. A personage of chocolate complexion walking—or rolling—by, with a cluster of traditional humble violets reposing more humbly than ever on a broad expanse of a purple which no violet had ever hoped to attain. Mothers pulling children impatiently past the ten-cent store, and children pulling mothers past the blue and rose creations.

As crowds poured into the nearby closing show, the boy's court soon made a fair showing. His clear voice rose higher and stronger, his slight body swayed rhythmically as his fingers flew over the strings. More and more he became a part of his songs, and when they had ended, nickels and dimes and more showered all around him. His eyes shone; there was no sign of sleep in his face as he began his swinging, swaying music again, but as we started the car and drove away the sound became again only a thin tinkle, a part of the big noise, and was lost as suddenly as it had come.

—*Harriette Stripling,* '36.

IMAGES

She wrote of singing things,
Of children's faces
Of sunny, laughing
Gay old places,
Of white plum blossoms fluttering down,
Of gray surf booming in a little sea town,

Of sunsets, clear, flaming, bright,
Of green trees frothy in the moonlight,
Of distant places where robins go,
Of blue shadows on white, white snow.
She owned not one of these, and yet—
Possessed them all.

—*Ruth Aylene Maddox,* 36.

ERATO

Not in my aching heart do I believe
This quick denial I force upon my mouth,
But like a coward bird who fears to grieve
My heart flies south.
So shall I pack my love in cotton wool
Nor ever let my mouth adore your kiss,
Lest winter come and like an errant fool
I long for this.

—*Roberta Taylor,* '36.

CINQUAINS

Largo
Is the dawning,
Scherzo, the tail of day,
Andante, the coal of evening
And dark.

Night sounds
Are so different—
The shrill crescendos of
The voices rarely heard in day
Now speaks.

—*Annabel Hopkins,* '38.

College Glimpses

BORROWED BRAINS

With pencil poised I awaited the Muse. That is a good opening sentence. A very good opening sentence. It is brief, it has rhythm, it has a dash of alliteration, and it has the dramatic element of suspense—the pencil is suspended in mid-air and the reader's breath is suspended in the trachea or somewhere down there in eager expectancy of the arrival of the Muse. Now let us skin ten or twelve agonizing and uncomfortably detailed chapters and proceed at once to the climax.

The Muse it seems, had gone fishing, or perhaps today's ambrosia had been left over in the refrigerator too long and she just didn't feel like coming over. The smooth slender pencil glided slowly through listless fingers and plopped in dejection on the polished surface of the table. That is another beautiful sentence. No doubt there are smug purists who would point self-righteous fingers at the word plopped. To me plopped is a word that is shamefully neglected; it holds a place near the top in my affections and I will not take it out. But to return to the sentence as a whole—it is a perfect closing sentence. I knew I should stop there. My pencil knew it, for at this point it jumped off the table and plopped in the waste basket. The clock knew it, and ticked louder and louder. But temptation lay before me and I yielded. I locked the door, and feeling like adolescent caught with a course on personal charm in ten easy lessons, I opened the black book I had thrust away in scorn a few hours earlier. There they were—312 subjects for familiar essays. I scanned a page or two and at first glance there seemed to be a marvelous wealth of material to choose from; all of them were good. I could probably publish a book myself. I would become successful and buy up all the copies of my aid and none need ever know. What should I take first?

"How the Animals Must Pity Us." No doubt, but I would have to use my imagination and that would take too much time on my short cut to fame. "My Imaginary Obligations" was next, but as the vision arose of numerous and pressing real ones that I was trying to forget, and my imaginary one I might have fished up became insignificant. I passed that by as too unpleasant. "The Pleasing Torture of Being in Love", Humph! Never have been and never intend to be—that is, not in any essay. "On Being a Minister's Son", my father is not a minister and I am not a

son so I suppose that is out. "Burdensome Leisure", I have heard that can become so, but I haven't had any in so long that I would not be an authority. That also goes for "A Plague of Holidays". "The Gentle Art of Sneezing"—Sorry, but it just doesn't come gently to me. "My Mental Insides". No. Essays usually cover at least one page. "On Becoming Platitudinous". I probably am, so perhaps I should leave the other 300 till another time. And so, gentle reader, the moral is that another's brain can not help those who can not use their own.

—*Harriette Stripling,* '36.

PARODY ON O. O. McINTYRE

Diary of a college girl: Up and had grits and sausage for breakfast—again! Much talk at table of rebelling against omission of Thanksgiving holidays. Walking through the fresh morning air to mail sweet letter to family asking for money.

So to classes and starving before dinner, which finally came. Working and classes in afternoon. Lingering in tearoom so long that study after lights was necessary.

There are still many stray dogs and cats on the campus despite the efforts a few of us have made to eject them—the measly-looking things!

Personal nomination for the most poised person on the campus: Isabel Henderson.

Late this afternoon as we played tennis the sun was setting in a sky of flaming red. It made me think of home and the family all together at the end of the day. Chin up-girl; there are still seven months, ten days to go!

Thingumabobs:: Our president seems to be partial to red ties—There are good crowds out for basketball these cool days——Who was that lady I saw Mr. Kildea with?—The squirrels are very tame now that nutting time is here—Somebody should start a "Be Courteous" movement in the post office.

—*Margaret Hannah Haslam,* '39.

GOOD (?) MORNING

My word! Does a street light have to shine all night long?—in my eyes, I mean. It wouldn't be so bad if I could let the shade down, but it's broken; so here I am absolutely helpless and can't go to sleep because of a little street light half a block away—Ho! Hum! guess I'd better turn over.—No, I can't sleep on my left side because I can hear my heart beat and it bothers me—and I can't sleep with the cover over my head either—Well, I guess I'll just have to sleep with light in my eyes anyway—That seems to be a lot of light to come from just a street light. Oh! so it's the sun instead of the street light! Well, guess I might as well crawl out and read Loti's "Pecheur d'Islande." I've gobs to do before Friday night—to say nothing of taking five exams! Where is my watch? Six-thirty. I can't translate much in half an hour. Might as well go back to sleep. Sleep. I'll need plenty to keep my brain refreshed if I'm to think clearly on my exam. I'm dreading all my tests but one—English. Chemistry—Biology—history. My word, if they were only over with! Well, at that I don't suppose it matters much. I'll be here until Monday at 3:55 P. M. Got to see my sister graduate—the family has to be represented, you know. I wish Papa and Mama could come—I wonder how it feels to have your oldest child graduate from college?

If you don't stop thinking, Miss Hall, you'll never go to sleep—I'm—going—to sleep—going—to—sleep. Did I pack my blue dress? I meant to keep that out—I'm—going—to—sleep—Why doesn't the breakfast bell ring? I'm going—to—sleep. Everything's so quiet, everyone must be asleep. No wonder! It's just fifteen 'til six! I guess I can't tell time, after all. Well, if it's this early, I can translate French. I'll wash my face and comb my hair, first, though, so I can think better. Boy! it's cool this morning! Where is my kimono? Oh, it's packed too. Well, I absolutely refuse to go trailing across the floor with nothing on my arms. Ah! I pulled the spread out at the bottom of the bed last night, didn't I? That'll do nicely!

So I draped myself in a green and cream and striped bedspread like some old squaw woman or a Roman soldier or something and washed my face. I was struggling with tangled hair when I heard a faint giggle behind me. Then came a burst of laughter that was almost enough to wake the house.

"My stars, Bunelle," Annie Mae managed between laughs, "you look so funny!"

I stuck two bobby pins and a pencil in my hair, fished under a pile of books for my French, hopped into bed and settled myself to study.

"Anyway," I retorted, "I look a little better than primitive man!"

—*Bunelle Hall,* '38.

STAIRCASES IN MAIN

On the beach, the tide comes in and washes away the footprints on the sand. Footprints on the stairways of Main Dormitory are washed away in a similar manner, although the foamy liquid, which carries them off is made from soap and not from sea foam. The steps are scrubbed clean from all outward scars and dirt, but the dear old steps know many secrets which they keep to themselves. Their ragged tin edges, that are bent and worn, represent years of history that is recorded on steps instead of pages. Since they are so old on the job, they can easily distinguish the shoe of a freshman from that of an upperclassman by the amount of polish on the shoe. When two tiny, dancing feet come tripping down a long flight of stairs, the 48th Step knows to expand just enough to make her foot touch him. He realizes she has a caller and he does not want her to fall, because she forgot in her excitement the little insignificant 48th Step. Very often Mr. 1st Step varies a little to the right to keep that freshman, whose Mother just left, from falling and bumping her nose which is already red from crying. Footfalls that are sturdy, sure, and even mean—she passed on her test. Dragging, slow steps about noon reveal an empty mail box—why doesn't he write? A little run and then a skip, that ends with several hops, denote Friday is just ahead. However, on Sunday nights all the stairs are so tired, because boxes of fruit, candy, food, and other feast menus are so heavy. They are glad when the lights blink and they can sigh with a creak before they step off to slumberland. When Mondays come, and padded rubber boots in blacks and browns march down to endure the melancholy day, the stairs try to comfort the owners by keeping warm and dry, so as to counteract the rain outside. Often shoes with fluffy feather decorations fly nimbly over their path, which leads directly to the tea room. They return and leave discarded wrappers as souvenirs of their night's dissipation. The staircases gather these in and paste them among their scrap books; then they sigh with regret over the many happy days that have passed.

—*Helen Morgan, '38.*

LISSY

The Batses were a sure enough Cracker family and proud of it. "We ain't never been nothing else and we don't aim to be" said Pa. One time his brother Jim had married a no-account Yankee and she ended up by killing him. Her name had been the same as Lissy's; that's why Pa always said Lissy wasn't any account and was sure to end up bad. "A bad name ain't never brough nobody good," he said.

Lissy didn't say anything, but she had always thought Jim's woman right decent and pretty too. She didn't blame her for killing Jim. He had been drunk as anything, and he was trying to kill her. A good thing that knife was right handy to the bed or it would have been the other way. She was pretty, and Lissy liked pretty folks.

She thought her own hair that Ma called yeller was right pretty if it was clean. Sometimes she would look at it in a piece of mirror she had hidden in her box. Gee, it was pretty! Anyway, Pork liked it.

Pork was another thing. She didn't care what Pa said or any thing if Pork liked her. She sort of thought he did. She was crazy about him. He was real big and strong. Why, he beat up Red Jones quick as anything, and everybody knew Red was the strongest man anywhere. He was a grand gambler too. He always won, so nobody much wanted to play with him. That made him madder than hornets.

Sometimes Lissy would slip out to the pine lot and meet him. Then she knew she loved him. He would kiss her real hard and hold her tight and call her "honey bunch" Sometimes he told her about some trip he was going to make that night. He spoke mysteriously, but Lissy knew he was bootlegging and thought how brave he was. She always had to slip back right soon before Pa got home. Lots of times Pork didn't want her to leave yet, but she had to go.

It was different if there were others around. Pork wouldn't even look at her much. He just flirted with Mag or Lucy that everybody knew were trash, and yelled so loud it made her want to cry. If ever he paid any attention to her it was to knock her around or scream at her. Lissy never

knew whether he did this so all the others would know she was his woman or because he didn't like her. Anyway she loved him.

One time she was going to a dance at Kate's who lived a piece down the road. Ma had said she could go, but Pa just stared. She was nervous about Pa. He hadn't had a drop in two days and was meaner than usual. Lissy combed her hair real nice and put on a gingham dress. She hoped Pa wouldn't notice the ruffles on the neck that she had made out of the tail of his other shirt. She wanted to look pretty for Pork just one time. She would too! She thought tenderly of the tiny package that was in her bosom—a pair of sure enough silk hose she had bought with the fifty cents she kept from the dollar Mrs. James paid her for helping with the house cleaning. Wouldn't Pa hide her if he knew? She would put them on when she got to the clump of bushes down by the creek. Then she guessed she would be pretty enough for Pork even. Giving her hair one more pat, she slipped to the door. At last she was safe, but no!

"Where you going, Lissy?" Pa called.

"Down the road a piece," and Lissy hurried out into the night.

"Come back here, you! Come here." Pa ran out after her. "Think you're going to go some where that Pork is don't you? Well, you ain't.!"

By this time Pa had her by the arm so hard it hurt. Gee, she hoped he wouldn't see those stockings, but they made such a big bump he couldn't help seeing them in the lamp light that streamed out the open door.

Before she could stop him, Pa yelled, "What you got there?" and shot his hand down her neck.

Suddenly Lissy was afraid of the cold hard look in Pa's eyes. He held the pretty stockings there in his hand and stared at them. She wished he'd look at her or something. It was awful. Then he did look.

"Pretty slick, pretty slick," he said in a strange deliberate tone. "Me sitting here with not a drop to put in my mouth and your Ma not having a decent dress to her back. And you, you—" his voice rose to fury pitch, "you buy these here things to put on your skinny legs for Pork to look at. You and your Pork! I'm sick of it! I know how you two been carrying on. I ain't blind, and Pork he ain't so dumb either. I always said a bad name wasn't lucky! You're just like her! You're just like Jim's woman. I'll teach you!"

He struck her with his big hand once, twice—again. As he struck her, her fear left and a cold white fury filled her. Like Jim's woman! Yes, she was like Jim's woman. She'd show him she was. She'd kill him!

"Guess that will teach you," said Pa as he walked away into the night. "I guess that will do it." The silk stockings were still in his hand.

Lissy crouched on her pallet and waited for him to come back. Ma was asleep already; that was one thing. She didn't cry; she just lay in the dark and thought about Pork and the silk stockings and Pa. She was like Jim's woman, was she? She sure was!

Hours after she heard dull footsteps thud in the sand outside the door. It was Pa. She could tell by the way it sounded that he was drunk. So he'd bought whiskey with her silk stockings, her stockings—white fury rose in her again, blinded her, choked her. Cautiously, she slipped off the pallet and took the long butcher knife in her hand. Carefully, she crept to the door and waited, waited.

When Pa stepped in, tottering, she looked at him once; leapt forward and sank the long butcher knife through his breast. He stood for a moment; then his great bulk crumpled to the floor. Lissy slipped out into the night.

She ran down to the pine lot towards Pork's. Her feet were winged and her heart triumphant. She had shown him. Now she guessed Pork could have her for keeps.

She approached the door of the shack carefully. No need to wake his Ma. She went to the back. She knew Pork slept there.

"Pork," she called, "Pork." There were rustlings inside and Lissy's heart beat faster. Wouldn't Pork be glad though?

Then a voice called "Who's that hollering for Pork? Who's that?"

It was Pork's Ma. "It's me, Ma. It's me," Lissy whispered,

"That you Lissy? Well, Pork he ain't here no more," answered the voice. "Your Pa killed him tonight fighting over that Mag."

"Oh, God," said Lissy. "Oh, God."

—*Marjorie Browne,* '36.

NIGHT SONG

Night—and
A myriad throng
Of notes subdued in day
Fill the air with melodies like
Men's song.

—*Annabel Hopkins,* '38.

HOW SHE'S GROWN!

Among early unpleasant memories are strange grownups who beamed down upon one from the heights with much the same expression with which one watches a young puppy. They usually came to visit when you were doing something especially interesting and you were called in to wash the mud pies off your hands and for goodness sake to comb that hair and hurry into the living room. Sometimes they might speak to you—almost always calling you by some sticky pet name instead of your own—sometimes they patted you on the head, or even worse, grabbed you and kissed you, taking such liberties when you didn't remember ever having seen them before. Somehow though, they always seemed to know you, and inevitably there were exclamations, "Hasn't she grown! Can this be the same little girl? Is this the baby I used to push around in her little buggy?"—and more such nonsense, while you stood chewing your collar and wondering why you had to be polite and stay there when they weren't—talking about you instead of to you. It was so silly, always talking about how you'd grown. You couldn't remember having been any smaller—you'd always been that size. Sometimes you ran to the mirror as soon as you got up and you couldn't tell a bit of difference. Later of course you knew better, but it still seemed foolish. Didn't everybody have to grow up Besides you knew your arms and legs were longer—they were always going the wrong way, and you didn't like to be reminded of it. It made you feel awkward, too, to be accused of making people feel old when you were perfectly innocent.

At last I have become immune to this sort of treatment—almost. There are still occasional people who, on seeing me after an absence of several years, take an opportunity to observe how quickly time passes, but usually they have the respect to address their remarks to me. This may even be a pleasant occasion of reminiscing, now that I myself rather like to feel how much I've grown.

Often in my more idealistic and visionary years, when nursing some deep grievance—some injustice against which I was powerless to defend myself, I would plan what a model parent I would be some day. Such simple reforms as ice cream for every meal and the abolition of castor oil, arithmetic, long stockings, and other evils, were supplemented by more elaborate ones. Just as vehemently would I vow after the trying ordeal of being a plaything for grownups that I would never talk to children in such a silly way. After having revived the memory of these trials and the promises that followed, I hang my head as I realize that I have broken them—not often

nor intentionally, but when overcome by surprise at what I once thought should never seem strange to anyone. For though growth is a common phenomenon to every human there is something remarkable about it that keeps it from being trite. We water and work our gardens carefully, and yet are astounded that they bud, bloom and wither away in a few days. We return to a place that was once home and are hurt when old friends are hesitant to speak. It is this which keeps the weather being talked about—its constant habits of change, and right along with the weather goes the undying complaint about the rapid passing of time. These are not always mere conversational habits—though they may become bad ones. They may be very real marvels because of the impossibility of comprehension by the human mind of the fundamental laws of nature, and perhaps it is that childish inability to perceive any change in ourselves which makes us catch our breath when we see it in others.

—Harriette Stripling, '36.

WISTERIA

I had not thought of it,
It seemed so dead—
So full of winter sleep
Along that old gray arch—
So like the stone itself
It's gray-brown branches.

Till suddenly, one day,
Fragrance from a Japanese dreamland
Wafted down. And I beheld
Lavendar clusters
Swaying in the breeze.

—Ruth Aylene Maddox, '36.

AFTER FIRE

Burnt out dreams fade now;
Dreams that once were leaping flames,
Creeping, searching, staking claims,
Spurting jets of bright fire,
Devouring, leaving curled black edges.
Those flames that ate my heart,
Soul, God! my mind!—
Twisting as they burned and blackened,
Left only, as they slackened,
Memory built of bricks and mortar,
Solitary as a chimney
Standing where a home has burned.

—*Marjorie Walton,* '37.

PEBBLES ON THE BEACH

Round slick pebbles, cleaned by the salty tide,
Bend sunlight into rays of rainbow light,
And make a halo all around
That's bright, illuminating and gay.

Other pebbles on the beach
Are scarred and worn by the ocean tide;
They cuddle the black, slow shadows
And fondle the gray blemishes of dust—

Still other pebbles on the beach,
Rubbed sharp and rugged by the rough tide,
Scratch and cut—Oh, wretched stone!
Pebbles, Pebbles all over the sand—
Personalities of the shore.

—*Elizabeth Griswold,* 37.

Children's Section

RIDERS TO THE LEA

Do you know what happens when the leaves come skimming down out of the trees these days? The fairies ride them! And they make them do the funniest thing! Sometimes on a stiff day a huckleberry leaf goes scuttling down your collar, or a red one catches in your hair and suddenly grides away before you can touch it. And sometimes you can hear the fairy laugh as he guides his floating carpet out of reach—but not very often —because most always you're too busy wishing the wind wouldn't blow the leaves at you so—when it really isn't the wind at all. It's fairies.

When a tree decides to shed her leaves, she always makes arrangements before hand. All the spiders in her limbs and trunk are asked to get their elevators in running condition and invitations are sent to all the little fairy boys and girls saying, "Beech leaves will fall Wednesday"—or "Oak leaves glide tomorrow," as the case may be. Then all the little fairy children get new dandelion fur jackets, and bright holly-berry caps, and put on their warmest and gayest scarves to ride the leaves in. They come to the tree from everywhere—big fairies and little fairies, pretty fairies and funy fairies, fairies with their little brothers, and fairies who haven't any little brothers—all the fairies come to ride.

Every big black fuzzy spider runs his elevator at top speed carrying the children up the tree to ride another leaf. And every cricket and grasshopper around the tree stops his work to watch the fun.

Sometimes a big fairy boy will ride two leaves at once—one on one foot and the other on the other foot. And a few of the little boys jump from one to another on the way down. They love to bring their leaves down on people's heads, or in our flower-beds, or on slanty roofs, to bump down the shingles—and the fairies never worry about landing in the lake. They

sway and glide, and slip and slide, and float far and away from the tree—but they always come back to ride again.

When it's dark and the fairy children are all tired and sleepy, the spiders close their elevators and the crickets and grasshoppers go in and read the paper and the children all pop into their walnut-shell beds to dream of the next day's fun. And the next time a leaf drops close by your ear or lands splash! in your lap, you listen very, very carefully—and maybe you'll hear the fairy laugh!

—Dinkey Sankey, '37.

A LITTLE LOST WIND

A little lost wind whimpers
And beats his tiny hand against my window,
Like a child he cries to be let in,
To play with the flame of my candle.
But children must not play with fire—
It's dangerous—So—
The flame burns steadily,
The curtain droops quietly,
But a little lost wind whimpers
And beats his hand against my window.

—Dinkey Sankey, '37.

A CAKE OF SOAP

The world's a big round cake of soap,
    On which we slip and fall and slide,
Some get up with fresh-scrubbed hope,
    Clean-scented for another ride,
Others find the cake too round and slick
    To do little more than kick and kick.

—Elizabeth Griswold, '37.

with Dad's Oxblood shoe polish, but I can't ever recollect havin' been a nigger."

"Jimmy Crickets!" exploded Chet. "Hurry, Boy, we've got a gold mine!"

They dashed up the lane and behind Chet's garage. "Wait, I'll go in and get Ma's lacquer brush. She don't do nothing but paint ole breakfast tables with it anyhow," said Chet.

They were quite busy for half an hour. Then two dark figures emerged; only mottled overalls broke the monotony. They paraded before one another, back and forth. Chet was in the middle of a delightful Turkey strut when he was interruped by a yell from the direction of the house—harsh words to the effect that if he expected any bones left whole in his body—or any hair on his head, he had better report to the house immediately.

"Pop," groaned Chet. Both seemed to pale under the heavy coat of tar.

"Spect I better be checking out," murmed Bill. "See you next Saturday."

The next Saturday morning Chet and Bill were in their designated meet ing place.

"Lo," said Bill.

"Lo," said Chet.

"Whatcha doing?" asked Bill.

"Nothin'."

They stood a few moments looking at the ground. Then they turned and walked sadly into their respective houses.

—*Betty Bishop,* '36.

PARODY ON CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES (ON A GOOD WYFE OF BATHE)

A good wyfe was there from around Hollywoode.
But she was rathere deafe and to hear she not coulde.
Of love-making she hadde suche sckill and delyte.
She surpassed Maye Weste and alle the eelite.
In all the fair city not a wyfe was there any
That she'd let give more than she no, not a penny.
And if there wyfe did, certain wrath was she
That she took her name off the list of Charittee.
Her hats, all originals, came clear from Paree
And I durst swear they cost her plenty monee.
And e'er on a Sunday on her flabby backe
Were dresses and furs very high in a stacke.
Full corested was she, with her shoes soft and new.
That she wore once or twice and away all them threwe.
Bold was her face and fair and red of hew.
Dyed was her hair and her eyes mascaraed blue.
She was a worthy woman all her life—
Husbands at church altars she had but five.
Playboys, gigolos, millionaires, and brokeres,
Some sober, some drunk, some good ones, some topers.
And five times had she lived in the town of Reno
Where she gamboled and gambled and was e'er on the go.
And thrice hadde she seene the countries European,
And she hadde passed over many a stream.
At Rome had she been and at Boloigne—
In Cannes, the Riviera, and at Coloigne.
She understood much of wandering the waze
As is shown in her club-speeches lasting a daze.
Upon a nag quite easilye she satte,
Knowing herself well dressed and on her brade a hatte.

A society ladye if ther evere bee one—
Maudlin, giggling, yet full of funne.
In fellowshippe well could she laugh and prance
For she could indeed of that olde arte the dance.

—*Clara Merrill, '39.*

DIURNAL CHANGES

The dot of a distant star that comes and goes,
Our first thought of infinity—asking.
The moan of the winter wind that whistles as it blows,
A fear of invisible voices—calling.
Gay Spring that laughs aloud with a thousand flowers,
The time of play and dream—forgetting.
The leaves that fall like red streaked showers,
A magic dream that's shattered—recalling.
The lightning that crashes and splits the column of the night,
The broken tree of darkness crying.
The fire that curses water, struggles for light,
A pull, force against force—fighting.
The tides that cover the earth, a wave that breaks,
The blue green curve of the sea—drifting.
The pile of clouds that float o'er mirrored lakes,
The white of the world is soft—sleeping.
The stars, the sun and sea that swing and swing,
The stars, the sun and the sea that stop—
That's dying.

—*Aeolian McRee, '37.*

WITHOUT A NAME

A white-robed priest knelt at the altar. On each side of him sat a shallow dish of burning incense, and the pale wraith-like smoke from each merged into a misty halo about his head. Above him, long white candles burned and dripped and cast fitful, fantastic shadows down the long hall. High-backed benches sat grouped in front of the altar. At intervals along the hall other candles burned reflecting blurred, jagged blotches of light in the dark pool of the polished floor. The far end of the room lay in darkness. Exquisite carvings showed dimly on the long panels. From a distant part of the building drifted the voices of many monks—singing, singing. The old priest lifted his peaceful face and looked out into the night; where drifted those voices—singing, singing.

—*Ruth Aylene Maddox, '36.*

TWILIGHT

I sit alone at the old piano,
While through the long French window
The fading light falls softly
On the ivory keys,
Gleams with lustrous polish
On the dark mahogany—
And from the garden below
Comes the scent of a flower
You loved.

—*Sally Mahan*, '36.

PIRATES!

If you just happened, one day, to hear somebody say "between the pirates"—just that much and no more—you'd probably decide right away that somebody was discussing an ocean—or at least a sea—and you'd imagine a wise old man with his pipe in his mouth, wagging his head and saying solemnly, "Between the pirates and the sea monsters it's a mighty dangerous thing to be crossing the ocean in these times."

But that isn't what he means at all—that is, if there really was an old man anyway—what he probably means is something more like the definition of a straight line in a geometry book: the shortest distance between two pirates is thirty-three red, blue, green and yellow books, standing stiff in a line—ready to walk the plank—between their stern captors on the library table.

And such captors as they are! Swashbucklers, bronzed and strong, in blue slouch hats with rings in their ears, knives in their sashes—and murder in their eyes. Calmly they stand, backs to each other, cold and daring, while between them huddle together the frightened band of prisoners—hopefully watching the desk for a brave rescuer.

Abelard and Heloise are there, and Joseph and his brothers. Beyond them, a little pale but steady, stands Mary Peters, and towering above her is Another Caesar. A Few Foolish Ones try vainly to slip out of line, but are shoved back roughly by Peter Abelard who strides forward to the end of the row to get a better view of their Piratic Majesties—the Men Against the Sea.

—*Dinkey Sankey*, '37.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

The side of the grey house ran right along the sidewalk, and at the back there was a porch built over a well—a dug well whose windlass had a creak that any good old country well would be proud of, and with cold water that was always so tempting to school children in the afternoon after they had walked half a mile in the heat. They swarmed up on the porches freely as they would have on their own. If no one were there, which was rare, they knew they were welcome; if someone were there, so much the better, because the little woman who lived there was almost as much a fixture of the porch as the well was. Whether she sat there all day long or whether she just came out when she knew the children would be passing by, I do not know, but she was always there in the corner with her chair tilted slightly back, her white head leaning against the wall, her plump rosy face wreathed in smiles, and one arm resting along the bannister. No child ever passed that did not get a "good morning" so hearty that it seemed to give a push that sent him the rest of the way to school. There was usually a pleasant remark or two to follow, and occasionally she would give you a bunch of larkspur or a few roses to take to your teacher. She faced the flower garden from where she sat, and a lovely one it was. They were mostly summer flowers because she did the work herself in spite of her sixty odd years and she could not do much in bad weather. The garden ran parallel to the sidewalk, but nobody ever picked a single flower, not even the ones that leaned out over the walks; and nobody ever dashed thoughtlessly across it as a short cut in a game of tag. Not even the roughest boys would have annoyed the old lady who knew them all by name.

Every year of course, some of the children grew up and went to high school and no longer passed the grey house, but they went around by it as often as they could, and even later when they went away and came back grown out of recognition they found that, after a little prompting as to names, here was someone who remembered those important days when you reached the porch just in time to get shelter from the thunderstorm, or the one when you raced up on it, white with terror of the dog which you were sure was mad. She shared those days with you again; she was something that had not changed and for whom you had not changed but remained a thirsty hot child lugging a heavy book satchel.

—*Harriette Stripling,* '36.

ISOLATION

Mute—he stood gazing avidly.
The train roared past:
A glimpse of lighted diners—
Laughter—people—
And it was gone.
Clutching the mail to his breast,
He slowly trudged away
To await the 5:15 tomorrow.

—*Ella Mae Hargrave,* '37.

CASE NO. 1300

She is sleeping.
Since spring she has stood and stared and sat and whispered senselessly.

The dull eyes of a brutal husband have become narrow slits of sullen anger.

The noisy chatter of children has risen unstifled and sunk to sluggish cries.

Twice she slipped and stumbled and fell screaming down the sagging stairs.

All the sultry summer she stayed on the swaying bedstead, bright-eyed with feverish body.

The small new-born is still and pale, she is strained and stifled and nauseated, she is dead.

—*Mary Scarborough,* '37.

TWO WORLDS

"No, Allan, I won't go—I'm tired . . ."

'You didn't even wait to listen, did you?
The door has closed. I feel a chill—
A draught, perhaps. Grip the curtain!
Hold it, hold it tighter, don't let it go! Keep
That smile, that lift of head one moment,
He might come back! I smile even as my heart
Is wrung, and tears well in my throat.
Fight! But why? There is no battle here—
He loves. He built his half of a bridge to cross
Differences; I did not build. I scorned the use
Of perishable wood and sought to find infinity.
Here by this window—remember heart—he pleaded
For you! Here in this room the wedding strains
And bonds of love were sealed. We two—
Were we ever one? We were, I think, until
That night I said that love should be
A walk against the wind, a faith so strong
That the clinging web of small daily things
Could not entangle it. You were amused.'

"Another cocktail?" you said. "You're not yourself."

'I didn't drink. Others sought and found you.
They formed a wall of clever words, and dazzled
With sparkling eyes and lips—shallow tinsel
Blinding you, blinding you to earth.
Those voices flecked with champagne, jazz, and smoke
Have deafened you to my voice . . . Allan,
You closed the door with scarce a glance, and yet
That's all the drama there will be. No weeping
Only my fingers show where I've grasped the curtain—
My heart will not show its tears. I'll turn and go
Out of this room forever and you will care
But not understand. I might leave a note saying,
"You bent with the wind"—You'd smile at that—

"Oh! You came back for me? You're waiting?
Yes, Allan, I'm coming."

—*Marjorie Walton,* '37.

CHINA SEES

The crystal lamp with the pale blue shade,
Grown out of a midnight velvet cover laid
Over the shiny top of the little desk;
And at the base of the crystal stand
Sits my china lad holding a lassie's hand—
Smiling, yet a trifle sad are they;
For every night the crystal lamp
Sends out its tinted light to stamp
Blue blushes on their beaming faces.
Their only prayer they won't admit,
Is to find the lamp one night unlit—
For blue blushes are not seen in the dark.

--Elizabeth Griswold, '37.

SONNET TO STARS

I watched my candle slowly flutter out
And then looked long into the dark, the night
That pressed into the room, and closed about
My heart with chilly touch as sorrow might—
Not sorrow, something deeper, not despair
Because I never hoped the light would stay;
But something like a dying, something fair
Turned into nothingness, a rose turned grey.
I felt that emptiness that terrifies
Even the brave, a moment in the night,
And then a star appeared—How blind my eyes
A little time accustomed to the light.
One star?—A host of stars, candles indeed
Lit by a god who somehow knew my need.

—Roberta Taylor, '36.

Miss Sophia Ambiss rustled to the door of her over-neat kitchen, holding her head rigidly above her stiff lace collar. Her sharp nose was decidedly lifted and her mouth denoted disapproval. She held back her skirt at the door, peeped out to see if the wood were in a neat pile, and being assured that it was, handed the dirty, ragged man a sandwich on a paper plate.

—Peggy Ford, '36.

CLOSE THE DOOR

"Close the door, dear—come inside;
The rain will ruin my floor."

Yet still irresolute the girl remained—
Watching the storm-wind fight and tear
And rage against the cringing trees,
Furiously shaking their trembling limbs,
Stripping them of their last brown leaves.

"But listen to the crying wind!
Doesn't it call to you?"

Reluctantly she closed the door;
Yet still she heard the wailing voice
Of the lonely silver sleeting rain,
Piercing her like the cry of a child
Lost—and knowing indefinite pain.

"No, close the door—you hear no cry
But the rain which ruins my floor."

—Marjorie Walton, '37.

Fog of night, grey from contact with earth, lifts to display its jewels, carelessly sprinkled, sparkling on the grass. Diamonds? None so rare—none so bright and clear—so coldly warm as the tiny dew drops—cutting sunbeams into rainbows tucked within a crystal globule. Earth is rich with fire from Nature's jewel box.

—Sara Frances Smith, '37.

THOUGHT ARCHITECTURE

The wisest man in the world, it seems, would be one who had a mind that was strong enough and clean enough to work out and build up a logical complex system of thought of scattered principles and theories and such truths as he could find—to select from acres and acres of loose broken stone the pieces that fit perfectly into a symmetrical structure. Many of these have been constructed, and lesser beings have lookd up in awe to the few great ones that have stood through the ages or to some splendid new ones that seem to express the spirit of their own day.

Some of these are so beautiful to look upon that men have been known almost to worship them. These unfortunately are not always usable; men dare not walk in them, or touch them with hands soiled by daily labor. They are often forced to neglect them, leaving a sort of Taj Mahal, an ethereal monument to dead loves and hopes.

Others, like a Roman basilica, are sturdy and satisfy man's daily needs, but at times leave an emptiness, a longing for something to fill a need felt, though hardly definable, perhaps unrecognizable.

A few are like Gothic architecture with all its ornateness and complexity of structure. These arouse great admiration but they are sometimes difficult to comprehend.

All of these builders have chosen from the same materials those which they believed to be the most beautiful, and yet each structure that arose is so different from all the others that we wonder how it can be true that these men are the wisest in the world.

Is not the wisest one he who regards these patterns as the playthings of children, realizing that they are imperfect parts of a puzzle which can never be solved so long as the parts, and the makers of the parts, are imperfect? Or is the wisest perhaps he who fiinds some good in all of them, loving the graceful curves of one, admiring the quiet strength of another, awed by the majesty of another, seeing that no one of them can sufficiently supplant the rest?

—*Harriette Stripling*, '36.

THE INMATE

They think I'm mad, shut here behind these bars,
But they don't know my secret—I am dead,
Long dead of hate and joy because he died
As he deserved, a hangman's noose coiled round
His scrawny throat. My ghost imprisoned here
Shrieks loud in glee to think that he is dead,
He whom I loved in those dim days before
That brazen girl with cunning, feline wiles
Lured him from me and taught him faithlessness.
They thought I did not know; and while he turned
To ice who had been mine and mine alone,
A fierce swift fire glowed within my soul.
And when I came upon them there that day,
Her head upon his shoulder and his eyes
So full of meaning one could fathom not
Unless he knew as I knew who had seen
That selfsame light when my head rested there,
That fire burst into a luried flame.
'Twas then I knew that she must die and he,
And with the calm of cunning, newly-born,
I listened 'til he told her where and when
He next would meet her; then I slipped away
As glides a panther on some pillage bent.
They found her dead next day within those woods,
Rigid among the leave, a stream of blood
Glazed red along her cheek. And when I told
How he had cleaned his gun with careful hand
And filled its chambers full, they looked to see—
And one was gone. They could not feel the flame
That fiercely glowed and leapt within my soul.
They call me mad—but then how can they know
The sweet harsh pangs of death that thrilled in me
To watch the noose glide smoothly o'er his throat
And choke and choke—or that I died with him?

—*Marjorie Browne,* '36.

HIATUS

The sun was disappearing the grey gold haze as Francis Thorne carefully clicked the garden gate behind her. "A strange sunset," she though as she slowed her steps. "Almost spring in the way it asks for something to happen—like spring's inevitable hope and question."

Feeling a little proud of her simile, she made a mental note of it for Monday's English class as she walked on toward the boarding house. How bleak and hopeless it looked set against trees bursting with half-opened buds and in a garden whispering of a new growth and smelling of rich earth smoldering under wet leaves. Suddenly crazy sweetness filled her heart. Oh, she wanted to run! to drop her books, her cares and run down the meadow where recent rains had loosened and stirred the soil and already patches of lush grass were sperading.

But instead, the habit of years carried her steps forward and up on the bare porch. After the fresh fragrant air, the wave of mingled sauerkraut and kerosene which struck her in the face when she opened the door, seemed even more obnoxious today than usual.

She glanced into the dining room as she stopped to take off her coat. Yes, they were all there but her. Mrs. Heintzel had on her "You're late again, Miss Thorn" look and her heavy German face was set in grim lines of exasperation.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Heintzel, but—"

"But you just had to stay and help Adela vid her English I suppose," Mrs. Heintzel's lip lifted in sarcasm.

The other teacher turned to look at her confusion as she took her place at the table. They registered the same half-amused, half-forgiving look as they had done on that first time six years ago when she had stayed until late with a pupil.

"Ach, wouldn't you think Adela would know how for a woman my age cooking and scrubbing and washing is too much. It ain't as if she weren't a good strong girl for her twelve years even if she is sorta small." More point-

edly she continued, "What with some boarders wanting fresh towels every day and wanting always clean sheets. And I must iron her frilly curtains, too!"

"Vell, I tell you I haf sent her to bed for it." She watched with pleasure the flicker of pain in the young woman's brown eyes, then turning to her husband who was coming in from the kitchen she demanded, "Ain't I right, Papa?"

Mr. Heintzel smelt of the stables. Without bothering to answer his wife, he sat down heavily and in a gutteral rumble he began the blessing, each tone *sssing* with germanic harshness. In the interval Francis let her thoughts run ahead to the evening she had planned when she could get away from all the ugliest which surrounded. She could be alone in her room and drink fully of the strange exaltation she had tasted that afternoon. She could dream of John and feel his nearness to her in the dark; could pretend—.

"Miss Thorn, she needs a longer blessing tonight," Mrs. Heintzel observed. Then in a sudden playful tone, "Or perhaps she dreams of that man she writes poems to, not?"

The words startled her and she blushed to the amusement of the other teachers. The light titter which followed was stopped by Mr. Heintzel's usual "Grrmph! Mis Smedley, vot vill you haf?"

The greasy odors of the heavy dishes of steaming food sickened Francis. She was aware of the lights mirrowed in each drop of grease and of the rank smell of strong cheese. Suddenly, out of the stream of monotonous talk she caught the name of Dr. Welton. Miss Roberts had just said—what had she said? Her heart seemed to be hammering, so loud was its thumping in her temples.

"Oh, yes," Miss Biddle added, "I heard that was why he had the old home done over, because she's coming. She's from Birmingham, you know."

"He always did think he was too good for any woman around here," Miss Smedly sniffed.

Mrs. Heintzel suggested, "He ain't been gone long—must have been he knew her before."

Her! Who were they talking of? Surely not—my John. Why he—Oh, she didn't want to hear any more; she only wanted to flee from this hateful room, from the glare of lights that would betray her. But to leave now would be to draw attention to herself. For a few minutes she forced herself to stay. The bread she was eating felt like cardboard in her mouth.

They were all surprised when she excused herself. "No pie tonight, Miss Thorn? It's Mince-meat vitch I made myself with a crust so crisp as no other in all of Bainesburg can do. Ain't I right, Papa?"

"No thanks, though I'm sure it's very good." She surprised herself at the sureness of her voice.

"But aren't you playing cards with us tonight, Francis?" Miss Smedley asked.

"No—I believe I'll grade papers and then go to bed early." She even managed to smile at the circle of worn tired faces which gazed at her, surprised at such upsetting deviation from their Friday night schedule.

She shut the door decorously, but once in the dark draughty hall she gathered her books and ran towards the stairs like a child running from some strange terror of the dark. She wasn't running from the dark, though, but from the bright glaring light of piercing eyes, from a school room of inquiring faces, from glistening lights in grease drops—running away from light and into the fierce dark security of her room where the blackness withholds no secret.

Once there, all her carefully made daily mask dropped from her. As she leaned back, panting, against the door, she was not Miss Thorn the sixth-grade teacher, but Francis Thorn the young girl of twenty-five who was frightened at the sudden blankness ahead and at the desperate ache in her heart. The little room felt tight and airless, and unconsciously she crossed to the window and threw it open. The soft night air rushed in, cooling her flushed face. Dully she realized that she must find a name for this sudden feeling, and must say it aloud tonite. She must find a clear face for the shrouded figure which had accumulated form and drawn breath from her fears. She must find it, and name it, and face it. She must shout it at the stars until they heard!

* * *

"Oh blessed peace and understanding darkness!" Francis had no idea how long she had been standing there when like a prayer those words had come to her lips. She only knew that the uncertain twilight had darkened and that the flicker of early stars was lost in the calm glow of a young moon. She had asked herself, and found but one answer—Love. The three past springs so beautiful in their hours of make-believe dreams—had been but this. She had taken chance words and as few meetings and had built her life on them. "Like hearing one note of another's music and building my own symphony on it," she whispered to herself. "And then wondering at the variance of the themes!"

She felt cramped and cold and decided to undress. She would put on her own negligee and read or perhaps write some. The soft light of her lamp filled the room with a comforting glow. Francis took the robe from its hiding place in her drawer and felt its rippling coolness slip through her fingers—

it had been a symbol of her hope but now it would be her symbol of victory! She would write his name with a brave hand—John Welton—and put it before her on the desk. In such a tangible form she would force herself to look at it; all night she would keep it before her. Each hour she was alone with it would strengthen her.

She felt young and straight standing there stripped of her clothes. Her hair looked golden in the lamplight and when she loosened it, it fell on her shoulders and down her back making her shiver. The room seemed to unfold hush within hush; the silk sheath enveloped her kindly, almost protectively.

Suddenly a child's voice startled her. "Miss Thorn! Miss Thorn, please let me in!"

It sounded like Adela but—it couldn't be. Mrs. Heintzel would never have let her out of her room. But when in a daze she moved to open the door, she found her, with her child's tragic face and blue eyes dilated with tears, standing there.

"Oh, Miss Thorn, I'm—", then her voice broke and she ran to Francis' open arms.

"There, there Adela—what is it? What's the matter, dear?"

"Mamma—whipped me, Miss Thorn. She sent me to my room without any supper because—" the voice trailed off into heart-breaking sobs until Francis felt tears standing in her own eyes. She stroked the blond head, "What did you do, Adela? Why was your mother angry?" She knew she must feel her way carefully—it would be wiser not to let the child know she knew the reason without asking. Mothers were always suspicious in this small German settlement and it meant the loss of a position to get into trouble with any of them.

Finally, the sobs abated and she was able to distinguish the words, "because you kept me from my work this afternoon." She let the child talk on. It was the same old story, the same old complaint. She had tried to bring beauty into the lives of her pupils, to introduce them to higher standards but inevitably they were forced to bear the ugliness of their home lives. She felt wearied and spent with emotion and very old. Her whole life was a failure. In a sudden bitter way she remembered her early sorrow. Not only had she failed in life, but love as well! When she had been young, this child's age, she had been so hopeful.

"But Miss Thorn," Adela's voice brought her back, "I don't care what mamma says, I love you and I'm gonna stay—"

"Going, dear," Francis corrected out of habit.

"Going—I'm going to stay every afternoon you asked me to so you can read poetry to me. And I will stay and water your ferns and erase the blackboards!"

This child with her sure sense of right, must not guess her own uncertainty. Her integrity must not suffer—no, her ideals must be kept.

Adela's eyes grew wide with thought and at every word she felt Miss Thorn growing more beautiful, more to be adored. She absorbed the loveliness of her—of the shimmering gold of her hair which she was used to seeing wound so tightly around her head.

She was so wonderful; always so kind. No one ever did her any harm—they couldn't, her being so good and all. She must be mighty happy living alone here in this pretty room—and she had such a pretty gown and nice clothes.

As Francis' voice died away, Adela said, "Miss Thorn, I'm so glad I ran out of my room to come here." She reached a timid hand to touch the silk of the negligee.

Quietly she began talking to Adela, but as she talked, her heart bled within her for this child who must live, as she had, on blind faith until something shook the foundation from under her. Yet it might never happen!—because it had failed her, did that prove it wrong?" Oh, she didn't know—she didn't know!

The harsh voice of Mrs. Heintzel calling from the foot of the stairs brought them both to their feet. The hand which had been timidly touching Francis' silk sleeve now clutched her arm in fear.

Adela went toward the door, but paused before opening it. Suddenly she turned and all the fear had vanished with her smile When she raised her eyes they were bright with something Francis had never seen there before—a fire which had been fanned into flame.

She whispered, "Goodnight, Miss Thorn," and with a fleeting kiss was gone.

—*Marjorie Walton, '37.*

T7.1-1